Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and ſuch another neighbor ſtood in our way;
If we may paſſe, we will; if we be hindered,
We ſhal your tawny grouñd with your red blood diſcolour.
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The ſum of all our anſwere is but this,
We would not ſeeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it.

Herald. I ſhall deliuer ſo: thanks to your Maieſty.

Gloſt. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, and Gebon.

Con. Tut, I haue the beſt armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horſe haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horſe,
I haue a ſteed like the Palfrey of the ſunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the ſands into eloquent tongues,
And my horſe is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praiſe of my horſe,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo,
In the praiſe of ones Miſtreſſe.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praiſe of my horſe,
For my horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Miſtreſſe ſhooke you ſhrewdly.

Bur.

Bur. I, bearing me. I tell t
My Miſtreſſe weares her ow
Con. I could make as good
If I had a Sow to my Miſtre
Bur. Tut, thou wilt make
Con. Yet I do not vſe my h
Bur. Will it neuer be mor
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way ſhall be paued
Con. By my faith ſo will
For feare I be out-faced of n
Bur. Well, ile go arme my
Gebon. The Duke of *Burbo*
Orleance. I, he longs to ea
Con. I thinke hee'l eate all
Orlean. O peace, ill will ne
Con. Ile cap that Prouerbe
With there's flattery in frie
Orle. O ſir, I can anſwer th
With giue the Diuell his du
Con. Haue at the eye of th
With a iogge of the Diuell.
Orle. Well, the Duke of
The moſt actiue Gentleman
Con. Doing his actiuity, a
Orle. He neuer did hurt as
Con. No I warrant you, no
Orle. I hold him to be exc
Con. I was told ſo by one t
you.
Orle. Whoſe that?
Con. Why he told me ſo h
And ſaid he cared not who
Orle. Well, who will go w
For a hundred Engliſh priſo
Con. You muſt go to haza

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